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#### WHEN AMERICA CAME IN

The list of 117 men of the 104th Infan-try who were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for the fight they fought at Apre-mont Wood is fresh evidence of how infinite is the variety of that blend of peoples

nite is the variety of that blend of peoples which we call America.

Read the list of names and see how many are the nations which have contributed to that New England regiment, true army of a democracy made up of the hopeful mea and women who, consciously or unconsciously, came to our shores because ones was a nation conceived in libcause ours was a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that

French, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Lithuanian, Russian — all are here. And German. For we may guess that some of the names in this honor literature in the latest the desired of the same of the same in this honor. guess that some of the names in this nonor list point back through the generations to those Germans who, long ago, sailed heart-sick from the Fatherland because their revolution had failed and who now are sending their children and their children's

kolis Waskewich, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn, Ygmas Ferednea, John Stef-anick, Egiste Dannissoni, Warren R. Prouty, Charles F. O'Leary, William F. Wruck, David A. Casagrande, Stanley Grewaez, Lee P. T. Jacques---why, it reads like a roll call of the peoples of the world. It was all the world that went to war with Germany when America came in.

### THE ANSWER

A German statesman the other day, with the pointedness of a man who has just dis-covered something, remarked: "We get through the British line and gain 25 miles of territory, and their answer is a man power Bill taking men of 50 into the Army."
"How," he asked, "can we whip an enemy like that?"

enemy like that?"

He was discussing one of three powerful nations which German militarists had hoped, in one powerful blow, to crush. We should like to direct his attention to

From a hundred different sources come the word this spring that the French Army never has been in finer fettle, that never has it shown the dash, the spirit, the irre-sistible will that it does now. French di-visions go into the line, not only with enthusiasm, but with rejoicing—with a do or die spirit that is unconquerable. And it but symbolizes a nation that, after four years of war, talks not of defeat, but determinedly of victory,

How can Germany whin a nation like

After a year of preparation, the United States has a million and a half men drilled and equipped. She has her factories huming on munitions and her shipxards building 60,000 tons of ships a week. ean Germany whip a nation like

How can Germany whip these three na

There is but one answers-and Germany herself will know it before many months ve passed: Germany can't.

## YOUR PAPER BACK HOME

This paper of yours, soberly, modestly ad literally, has made a big hit back ome. It hasn't made its hit only because of its subject matter and getup and style it's made its hit largely because it's been

paper.
ne folks at home are interested in everything that pertains to you, your work, your play, your chow, your clothes. The main, we might say the sole, reason why this paper of yours has made good with

this paper of yours has made good with them is because it's stuck close to you. It proposes to stick just as close in future.

Big papers at home, with big things to take up their space, have laid themselves out to reproduce whole first pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES in full, with explanatory stories underneath. Little papers, to whom such a sacrifice of spacemeans a mounting cost of white paper and a loss of advertising wherewithal, have done the same, regardless of expense. Never in the history of American journalism did a new paper, a young paper, a weekly paper published 3,000 and more miles away from the United States, get such miles away from the United States, get such publicity, such praise, from its contempor-aries. And you are the ones responsible. We hope you're pleased. Of the many pats-on-the-back we have

received as your representatives, one speci-men will suffice. It is from The Editor

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.
Published every Friday by and for the men

### ON BEING A BUCK

We quote the following from a "Doughboy's Dictionary" as published in Judge, of New York:

"BUCK PRIVATE—The poor devil who does all the work and gets the least pay."

Oh, dear! Judge, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrom."

on, dear! Juage, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrong.

"The poor devil?" Say not so. The buck private is the luckiest guy in the Army—the luckiest and the happiest. Everything is done for him, everything planned out for him, everything issuable is issued to him when it can be got, every higher officer exists but to serve him and make his path easier and to take the worry and the fret and the planning off his shoulders. In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders. In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders but his pack and his gun.

"Who does all the work!" Wrong again; the buck goes to bed at taps, and—unless he is on guard or K. P.—has nothing on his mind but his hair until reveille. The Loots, and the Skippers, and the Oakleaves and the Eagles and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-1-don't-care.

"And quest he least nay!" Yes but what

leaves and the Lagies and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-1-don't-care.

"And gets the least pay!" Yes, but what pay the buck does get, after all the deductions are made, is his. He isn't taxed \$300 tions are made, is his, the isn't taxed 5500 or so for a new equipment when he joins; he doesn't have to buy a blooming Sam Browne belt or spurs or boots or insignia. No, Sister Judge, von're wrong. The buck is the best off of the whole lot, He's

got the only sure and steady job in the whole Army. He's the only man who cau't be busted.

#### THE TAPE WHICH IS RED

THE TAPE WHICH IS RED

They tell us there's a Bill—it may be an loct by now—up in Congress, designed to place in the President's hands a nifty pair of shears, with which to cut red tape. Because of its author, it has been dubbed the Overman Bill. It might well have been called the Superman Bill, as anyone who has become entangled and, casnarled in red tape can readily guess. But be that as it is, the ways are greased for it, and the chances are that it will soon, if it hasn't already, become the law of the land.

So far so good; but what are we going

sending their children and their children's children back across the seas to fight on the soil of invaded France the ugly Prussian tyranny they themselves had fled from Germany to escape.

John B. Desvalles, John H. Murphy, Max Levine, Fred D. Christiansen, Nickelis Waskewich, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn Vernal, and their children is the make it into spiral putts for the artillery, or Christians decorations for the cookshack? Shall we shred it into bairs, and equip with wigs a real red-headed registration. Bill is in good lawn-mower order? Shall we make it into spiral putts for the artillery. or Christmas decorations for the cookshack? Shall we shred it into hairs, and equip with wigs a real red-headed regiment, to throw terror into the Boche? Or shall we boil it and bleach it and take all the redness out of it, and use the tincture for tomatoing beef?

Anyway, think it over. There must be a use for it, as there is for all waste products. At home, it may serve for stringing up spics and for lassoing enemy aliens. Over here, it might serve for wrist watch

op spies and for lassong enemy aftens. Over here, it might serve for wrist watch reinforcements, or to draw through the lores of rifles so as to clean 'em. On second thought, though, we'd rather keep it away from our rifles. It has a bad rep.

But there must be a use for it. And there'll be a lot of it to use.

## IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY

There is a holel in France which is much frequented by men of the A. E. F. generally transients, who stop there between train journeys to enjoy their first sleep in real beds in many months, to cat dinner and breakfast off a real tablecloth

dinner and breakfast off a real tablecloth, and to taste the nearest approximation to the conforts of an American home which the Y. M. C. A. can give.

In the reading room of the hotel is a guest book, on the cover of which is a notice bidding the reader write his name and a happy thought within.

What are these happy thoughts? Bright lines? Home town boosts? The old familiar autograph album humor? Many of them are, but at least every other one readsvery much like this:

them are, but at least every other one readsvery much like this:
"God bless the women of America who have come over here to help us."
Stand us face to face, and we aren't very sentimental. We aren't given to blubbering, or gushing, or soft-soaping. But the secret of that little book establishes a bond of sentiment that every manjack of us is proud to echo.

## NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

We have some admirable verse sent in to us from time to time (Rude Voice from the Rear: "Then why don't you print some of it once in a while?") Well, we continue unrufilled, sometimes we suppress our desire to publish a submitted poem because it is so very good it was printed somewhere else long before we ever got a chance.

Just such a poem—called "Flying? Not Me!"—came in through the mails only the other day and was reluctantly laid aside because one of the editors recalled having laughed heartily over it when he read it

herause one of the editors recalled having laughed heartily over it when he read it for the first time in his home town newspaper before ever he left the blessed States. That poem came in twice, by the way, twice in the same week. The second man to send it to us—he was a lieutenant and

conscientious—was careful to mention that he did not know who wrote it. But the captain who sent it, by cheerfully ignoring the question of authorship, conveyed the impression that it was a little thing of his own he had tossed off in an idle moment. That, at least, was the impression created in the minds of a guilless and unsuspecting editorial staff which the it said by the way of a gentle ware. was careful to mention -be it said by the way of a gentle warn ing-it is nused to be. -it is not quite so unsuspecting as i

## SEND THE WORD

Want any more of that tobacco you got with the little ready-stamped post card in it? Want anybody else to get any of it? The hundreds of thousands of people who contributed to the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" feel mighty well pleased when those little eards come back to them. Have you neglected to return yours? Then it's time you looked after it. For it is the and Publisher, the foremost "newspaper it's time you looked after it. For it is the man's paper" of the United States. It says:

"THE STARS AND STRIPES is more American in tone and style than many if your ship the smokes coming. So send the word, and see if your ship the smokes come in.

## The Listening Post

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN
(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's stangy ballade)
I'm not a simp; I'm not a joe;
I'm on when cream is full of flios.
And by their clothes I always know
A lot about these dressy guys.
I know black clouds from sunny skies;
I know a dead one from a pep;
I know the phony from the prize—
But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, bo;
I make the clerics by their ties;
I know the high birds from the low,
And cherry tarts from apple pies.
I know the yeggmen and the Cys;
I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your
step!"

step!"
know the Bourbons from the ryes—
lut to myself I am not kep.

I know the sunshine from the snow;
The truthful man from him who lies;
I know 16 from Double-O;
Ben Davises from Northern Spies.
I know some Janes who have some eyes;
I know some from the skep;
I know just how to balladize—
But to myself I am not hep.

L'HNVOI Prince, I am Jeremiah Wise; Grab it from me, that is my rep; Excepting only this revise: But to myself I am not hep.

Speaking of soda Jountains, there was the man who asked the soda clerk for a glass of plain soda, without flavor. "Yes," said the clerk. "Without which flavor would you like it?" "Oh," the customer replied, "I'll take if without strawberry." The clerk looked among the syrup bottles. "Sorry," he said. "Can't do it. I can give it to you without vanilla,"

#### TO MOTHER AMERICA FROM HER SON

TO MOTHER AMERICA FROM HER SON

Mother America, U.S.A.,
Western Hemisphere.
Dear Mother:
May 12 is Mother's Day, and the boys are all celebrating it by writing to their mothers.
May 12 is Mother's Day, and the boys are all celebrating it by writing to their mothers of the control of the con

With all my love to you, which from Your loving son.

John W. Docemoy.
P.S.—Remember me to all the girls.

Pay \$1.500,000 Yearly for Gas They Don't Get.—New York Evening World headline. Things sort of even up. Over here we get a lot of gas the Boehe has to pay for.

A doughboy's notion of a Perfect Day: The war over, a box-scal at the Polo Grounds next October, and General Pershing throwing out the first ball.

the first ball.

If Charlie Chaplin joins the Army, as the cables say he is going to, the Q.M. will probably have to devise the issue custard pie.

All of us have had our shot at stating America's war ains, but our favorite is the Kansas man who says, "Yes, but what good is your wealth, or your honor, or your posi-tion going to do if you are forced to say 'Wie gelt's? every morning?"

## THE ACCENTED SYLLABLE

Bill's fighting for his country, He rises to explain; Lorraine is where he's fighting— With the accent on the rain.

Another thing the Army is developing is the vicarious smoke. "Walter Garde of Hart-ford just sent you a lot of cigarettes through me," writes a gluttonous doughboy. "You will be glad to know that I enjoyed every one of them."

In Portland, Oregon, the women have proposed that they shall censor vaudeville shows. At this is likely to shorten the shows and it will be too cosily to bire extra performers to fill in the gans, teams will probably just stand there silent for eight minutes, or for as long as it would take them to perform or talk the deleted parts.

And some rival vaudeville house will probably give a midnight performance, admission by card only, of nothing but the deleted parts of various acts.

## THE INTREPID BARD

When shells are bursting around the front. I hate the old typewriting stunt.

And when the builets whizz, why, then I find it hard to hold a pen.

I find it hard, in a shell-torn land, To hold a pencil in my hand.

In fact—there is no need to stall—I do not like to write at all.

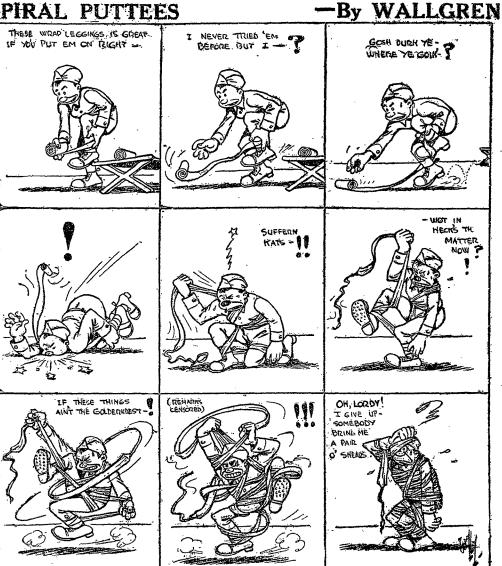
There are duller things than war. Think for instance, of being a traveling satesman in France and landing in one of these little burgs about three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon

"I don't know what you could be a traveling alesman for," commented the soldier to whom the foregoing observation was made unless it was for pitchforks."

The helmet worn by Rome's greatest gen eral was more extreme than our caps. It isn't possible that you are waiting to be told?

Oh. well, all right. It was over Caesar,

SPIRAL PUTTEES



# THE WHY OF REPLACEMENTS

FROM A BELGIAN SOLDIER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Thanks very much for THE STARS AND
STRIPES I received a few days ago and
whiel did interest me very much. I find it
very difficult to give you my impression about
it. for I am forgetting my English more and
more, but I find it partly translated in the
two articles. "To Be Read With Pride" and
"Kid I's Along."

It is an eight-page sheet with news, cartoons

two articles. "To Be Read With Pride" and "Kid I's Along."
The thing that struck me most was those photographs of children on the front sheet which contrast so much with the other articles full of gaiety and wit or with news from home. And I think that contrast the most typical feature of the paper: gaiety and lightheartedness, but also a keen remembrance of the high purposes for which you came over here. which comtrast so much with the other articles full of gaiety and wit or with news from home. And I think that contrast the most hypical feature of the paper; gaiety and lightheartedness, but also a keen remembrance of the high purposes for which you came over here.

But how could it be otherwise? Being the A.E.F's paper, it only translates the splendid spirit, of the whole American Army, which has already began to show her pluck and corrage on the fighting him.

Since the last attack of the Germans, which was quite unsuccessful, as you must have read in the papers, nothing very peculiar has happened on our front.

IIENITY STASSIN, Soldat, Armée Belge.

PROVED AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

How does this strike you? Chaplain Patrick Dunigan of our regiment was recently attached to the Sanitary Detachment, thus confirming the old adage that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Pyt. S. B. Hudhes.

To the Edditor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The gentlemen of the General Staff at G.H.Q. have their little troubles, too. In fact, it's a fair guess that they have rather more than their share.

The top sorgeant in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling agod; and the captain in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling agod; and the captain in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling agod; and the captain in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling agod; and the captain and lieurelenants.

But the men at G.H.Q have the whole list the men at G.H.Q have the whole list the men as a statistics show, that's about the biggest job that Americans have tackled since Abraham Lincoln steered a straight course through our four worst years.

Onc of the toughest organization problems which G.H.Q. here were a statistic statistics.

The transfer of troops is a mighty difficult was the contraction of the coughest organization problems.

conclusion, after studying the experience of gest job that Americans have tackled since Abraham Lincoln steered a straight course through our four worst years.

One of the toughest organization problems which G.H.Q. has to face, and one which is just now coming in for considerable talk throughout the A.E.P., is the working of the replacement system. The situation is this:

Capt. B. has a crack company somewhere in the line, and the boys are all pulling together like a big-league nine. Maybe they were originally a National Guard company all from the same little town, and the bunch all know one another and hang together like a college frat or a gas-house gang. It would break capt. B.s heart to lose any single one of them; and a vacant place at the mess table would show up just like the vacant chair around the old fireplace at the old homestead. Now one day there is a little party some where along the line, and some of the boys of Co. X take their gas masks off a little too soon, or injudiciously step in front of one of Fritzle's shrapped shelis. So lill and Fred and Joe and half a dozen others have to go to the hospitial for repairs and alterations. And right here is where the replacement system comes in. The very next week after Bill and Fred and the other boys are "evaluated to the rear," as the official order puts it. Co. X may have some very important business to transact with the Kaiser. No one can tell in advance how long the boys are going to be gone, and the company must be kept up to fighting strength. The vacant places have to be filled, and filled "toot sweet." So the replacement system gets in its work, and sends up some Total Strangers from tife base replacement system gets in its work, and sends up some Total Strangers from tife base replacement agent.

It is especially important to get the noncommissioned vacance is filled and those are relacement. Spits follows the figures which the party company a chance), and two-thirds by replacement. This follows the figures which the party company a chance),

## "MIGHTY GOOD READING"

It is an eight-page sheet with news, cartoons and features. The news is red-hot, the cartoons are "pippins" and the features would make the mouth of a syndicate manager

## "YOU HURL THEM"

HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion remarkable in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his grenades to a comrade, saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

Upon the scroll of holy flame There flashes Corporal Caron's name. Not all of hell could make him yield liis soul on honor's fiery field.

Wounded to death, he nobly fell To save the land he loved so well.

And to the comrade at his side Gave his grenades, and bravely-cried:

"I cannot use these"-thus cried he-Let this his Requiescat be: "You hard them at the enemy,"

# A FIELD NOTE BOOK

## JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

An outfit on the march establishes a new headquarters at each over-night stopping place. Today the field desks are set up in a city hall, yesterday they were in a farm-louse, tomorrow they may be in the parlor of a chaleau. A student of history can come back to America from France and understand easily enough why it is that every colonial massion in New England claims to have been at one time the headquarters of General Washington. If Washington's army had to play as many one-night stands as some of the Americans in France, the explanation is easy. play as many one-night stands as some of the Americans in France, the explanation is easy.

## TOOLS THEY WERE

A certain truck driver for the Y.M.C.A. always carries on his car an extra large pad-locked box marked "Tools." One day a division inspector's curiosity was aroused and he demanded to be shown the contents of the chest. To all appearances, it contained nothing but canned oill, hardbread, salmon, beans, comfiture, chocolate and a coil of sausage.

Deans, Johnson, Sausage, "Well," demanded the inspector, "where are the tools?" where are the tools?"
The driver grinned and produced a cup, a plate, a knife, a fork and a spoon.
"Here they are, sir," he replied, "—eatin' tools."

# EASILY EXPLAINED

The Major: This is better coffee today than we have heen having.
Cooky: Yes, sir—this is American coffee.
The French issue ain't got the ammonia that

## KIDDING HIM

Scrgeant: Wanta jam sandwich? Roolide: Surc. 1 do. Sergeant: Here's one, then—two pieces of lain bread jammed together.

### NO RUBRERNECKING

NO RUBBERNECKING

An outfit of doughboys had just moved into billets in a new position close to the line. Out of a cloud bank soared an aeroplane. Somebody shouted in excitement; it bore the Boche cross. The doughboys poured out into the farmyard to gaze at it.

"Get under cover!"
The voice seemed to be one of authority, so the crowd obeyed.

The old Frenchwoman at the farm was scornful, almost indignant. The Americans must be cowards, she said, particularly as there was no commissioned offeer to order them inside.

An investigation followed. It discovered that the man who had given the warning to seek shelter was a cook. The major heard about it—and laughed. Instead of giving the cook a bawling-out, he commended him.

"That's the idea," the C.O. remarked. "Our game now is to keep out of sight. There is no question of courage involved. What we are here for is to spring a surprise. Don't do your rubbernecking in courtyards or you'll gum the works."